## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1889.

## THE MIGHTY GANGES.

India's Famous Holy River and Its Thousands of Worshipers.

THE PEOPLE'S BATHS AT BENARES.

How the Ganges Fertilizes the Extensive Wheat Plains of India.

A RICH COUNTRY AND POOR PEOPLE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1



holy Ganges river and the click of my typewriter now falls upon the air in unison of pilgrims who are bathing in its water. Ben-

WOESHIP OF DURGHA, DRAWN BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

ares is the Mecca of the Hindoos and the Ganges is to the Indian more than the Jorjars which each pilgrim carried. It turned the semi-bare brown skins of the men, women and children to a rich mahogany and brought out the shadows in the fortlike walls of the temples lining the other side of the river. It was a scene for a

humanity, mixed with the glorious red of

nature, filled one almost with a feeling of

worship, and the muttering of the prayers

of thousands, with their strange incanta-

tions and mysterious postures, threw an in-

Fantastic and foolish as some of the

actions seemed I could not forget that this spot is to one-sixth of the human race the

spot is to one-sixth of the human race the holiest place on the surface of the whole world, that out of every six men, women and children on God's good earth one believes that if he washes here his sins float away on

these waters to the sea, and that if his ashes are here buried his soul goes straight to heaven. If the Hindoo in accents of prayer

utters the name of this river within 100

miles of its banks the act atones for the sins three previous lives, and if he has his

head shaved at a point which lies two hours ride by train from where I am now writing, and the hairs fall into the stream, for every

hair that floats away he will have a million years in paradise. This place is at Allaha-bad, where the river Jumna flows into the

Ganges, and here at certain times of the year

the water and allowing barbers to shave

Faith and Works Hand in Hand.

assure you they do, and their belief is a

practical one, too. It is not a faith without

has a population as big as that of Pittsburg,

Cincinnati or Washington. Just now the

mornings are cold and the air is raw and

piercing. It is the duty of everyone of

these people to come before their breakfasts and bathe in the Ganges. I found the banks of the river filled with them this morning.

The city lies close to the river and for three

miles along its banks are great temples,

from the walls of which stone steps lead

from the walls of which stone steps lead down into the Ganges, going under the water and out into the bed of the stream. Each of these temples has perhaps 100 of these steps from its base to the water, and these three miles of such steps were filled

with worshipers. All were Hindoos and none were clothed in anything but the thinest of cottons. There were shriveled

old men and women wrapped around in

the single breadth of dirty white cotton,

standing up to their waists in water and holding their long, thin, bony arms upward while with chattering teeth they muttered prayers to the gods Siva. and Vishnu. Now and then they ducked down into the water and as they

into the water and as they came up they

gasped and looked colder than ever. There

were plump girls, whose nut-brown skins glistened as the water trinkled down them, and whose bright eyes flashed a half rougssh glance at me between their prayers.

As they raised their arms I noted that each had gold and silver bracelets upon them, and some of the country maidens had

bracelets one after another from the wrist

to the elbow and from thence on to the

shoulders. Many wore great nose rings,

and as they threw back their heads I could

see that their cars were punctured with many holes and that each hole contained a

bit of gold or silver. Most of them, however, hid their faces, and not a few were high-caste Hindoo maidens. As they

stepped out of the water their bare limbs

shone under the sunlight and against the dark brown background flashed heavy sil-

ver anklets. They did not bathe with the

men, and as a rule they huddled up in little groups by themselves. At many of the temples there were ledges built out over the

river, and here men gathered up water in

Each man and woman had a brass jar, and

as they left their bathing they carried some

of the holy water to aid them in their wor-ship in the temples. There were thousands

Ganges water on their heads and steadying

maid servants carrying great bowls of

hands and muttered prayers over it.

works by any means. This town of Benares

And do the people really believe this? I

them, as it were, into heaven,

thousands of Hindoos may be seen on the banks of the river holding their heads over

describable weirdness over the scene.

tering throng just above the water were square benches covered with umbrellas as large as the top of a summer house, and under these sat wrinkled old priests with boxes of red paint beside them. Each worshiper came to those priests as he fuished his best and the priest dispairs his finest. his bath, and the priest, dipping his finger into the paint box, made one, two or three marks upon his forehead. These marks were marks upon his forehead. These marks were to remain on until the next day's bathing, and they were the signs of the gods. Among the bathers were peddlers of Ganges water. These carry the holy fluid in jars to vil-lages far out in the country, and each pil-grim who comes takes a load home to his relatives.

The Ganges Holy its Entire Length. But it is not alone at Benares that the Ganges is holy. From its source in the Him-Ganges is holy. From its source in the Himalaysa, where it is supposed to flow from the
big toe of the god Vishnu, all along the
winding 1,500 miles of its course, its waters
are sacred and purifying. I found thousands
bathing at Calcutta, and many Hindoos
make a six years' pilgrimage from the source
of the river to its mouth. There are hunof the river to its mouth. There are hun-

dreds of places upon its banks which, like Benares, are especially sacred, and there is an island at the mouth which is annually now falls upon the air in unison with the prayers and the splashing of the thousands of pilgrims who is the thousands of pilgrims who is the town of pilgrims. This is known as the island of sugar. At Allahabad the Hindoos say there are three rivers which come together. One of these is the Jumpa, the other is the Ganges and the third comes direct from heaven and is invisited by a vast number of pilgrims. This is known as the island of sugar. At Allahabad the Hindoos say there are three rivers which come together. One of these is the Jumpa and the sugar which come together. ible to mortal eyes.

The Geography of India.

It is a wonderful river, and how wonderful it is, it is impossible to know without dan is to the Christian. On the top of a understanding the geography of this semihouse boat, with six red-turbaned, black- continent of India. If you will take your faced and bare-legged rowers, I slowly map of Asia you will find that India is drifted past the bathing ghats this morning. | much the shape of an equilateral triangle, The sun was just rising, and over fields of the base of which is the Himalaya mountains and the apex of which rests in the of the river its rays came to gild the brass just which each pilgrim carried. It turned is nearly 2,000 miles long and two sides of it nearly 2,000 miles long and two sides of it are almost bounded by water. It is a coun-try of magnificent distances. From Calcut-ta to Bombay is as far as from London to Naples, or about the distance that New York is from Denver. The distance between side of the river. It was a scene for a leeland and Spain is just about as far as a painter. The wonderful colors of oriental straight line from the Himalayas to the

laya mountains there is a wide strip of vast

runs and the bulk of which has been m

brought down from the mountains.

plains through which the mighty Ganges

by the rich fertilizing earth which she has

tant past the greater part of India was an island, and it you could sink these Ganges

plains 500 feet downward the sea would rush in and the Himalayas would be divided

from the plateau of South and Central India. These plains are the richest part of India. They are the most thickly populated, and it is from them that the great bulk of the rice and wheat of India comes.

The wheat area of India is increasing year

by year. It is now about equal to the wheat

area of the United States, and its product

competes with the American wheat in the

markets of London. For this reason these plains are double interesting to Americans,

and the influence of the Ganges is felt more

and more every year in the Stock Exchange

Egypt the Gift of the Nile.

The Ganges not only made but she nour-

ishes these plains. She is well called by the

Hindoos "Mother Ganga." From her source

in the Himalayas to her mouth in the Bay

of Bengal she has a fall of more than 21/2

country is fertilized by it.

An Excellent Fertilizer.

Ganges has been lately estimated and scientific investigation shows that some distance above the point where it unites with the Brahmaputra its yearly burden is the enormous amount of 355,000,000 tons. A thousand-ton ship is by no means small, and a fleet of 350,000 such ships could not carry fleet of 350,000 such ships could not carry this burden.

The average freight car is 34 feet long and it takes a strong car to carry 50 tons. Suppose our freight cars to be each 16 feet longer than they are. Load upon each car 50 tons of this fertilizing mud and it would take a train of more than 7,000,000 such cars to carry the yearly fertilizing output of this great river. If these cars were on a single track the track would have to be 67,400 miles long. It would reach twice around

sunk, but at the distance of 481 feet the auger broke. At this point the end of this rich soil had not been reached. The amount of fertilizing material brought down by the

track the track would have to be 67,400 miles long. It would reach twice around the earth and leave enough cars over to run two continuous trains through the center. The most of this silt comes down during four months of the year and if there were daily fleets of 2,000 ships each containing 1,400 tons of mud during these four months they would just carry it. Irrigation as It is in Egypt. But this is the work of the Ganges alone. It is five times as much as is carried by the Mississippi to the gulf, and further down the river where the great Brahmaputra joins it and flows out into its hundred mouths the silt output is still greater. During the rainy season alone the river here carries out enough silt to load 13,000 ships with 1,400 tons each every day for four months. During this rainy season this whole delta of the Ganges is covered with water to the extent of about 30 feet. You water to the extent of about 30 feet. You see only tops of trees, and villages which are built upon the hills, and the river further up the country is diverted by canals from its course to every part of these vast plains. The best of the wheat is irrigated and the water being allowed to lie upon the land drops this fertilizer and enriches it. All over India, or through the part which I have traveled, I see this irrigation even now going on. Much of it is done in the most primitive way. Two half-naked men stand just above the river with a basket hung by long ropes between them. This basket is water tight, and by a swinging motion they scoop it down into the river and lift the water up into a canal above, from whence it runs off into other canals over the fields. Here at Benares bullocks are largely used. The water is stored in great wells and it is drawn from them in skin bowls, each of which holds about a bushel of water. The bowl is a pig's skin kept open with a hoop

which holds about a bushel of water. The bowl is a pig's skin kept open with a hopp of wood and to its top by four strings is fastened a rope. This rope runs over a rude pulley at the top of the well and at a distance of 20 feet from it, it is tied to the yoke of bullock, which, led by a man, raises the bucket to the top of the well. Here it is pulled over into a trough. I am told that this mode of irrigation is faster and cheaper than any of the machine methods employed, and I see it everywhere. and I see it everywhere.
Of late years the English have been spending immense sums in irrigating India, and millions of acres of new land have been brought under irrigation. In 1882 more than \$25,000,000 were spent in Bengal alone, and the wheat lands are found to produce best in those provinces which can be irrigated. It do not remember the average wheat production of the United States per acre, but I think it is larger than that of India. Here it is only 13 bushels per acre, and the wheat is not more than a foot high. The heads of the grain, however, are well filled out,

Rice Not the Only Food.

though it is not worth as much in Mark Lane as the better classes of Australian

I had always looked upon India as a riceapex of the triangle and the area of the whole is equal to the size of Europe with-out Russia, or nearly one-half of the United of the people here eat wheat and grain. In Northwestern India only about 10 per cent States. It is a country of mountains and valleys. The lower part and the greater part of the center is an immense tableland and between this tableland and the Himaof the people eat rice, and in the prison at



The Royal Equipage.

Agra I found that the prisoners were fed upon grain. Everywhere the mass of the people seem to be underfed and the leanest, scraggiest specimens of humanity I have ever seen I find in this rich valley of the Ganges. Where nature has done everything the people are starving, and you can' have no idea of the skin and bone men and boys, whom I see daily by the thousands. The costume of the people is such that the arms and legs and often the breasts and waists are bare. There seems to be nothing but skin, bone and sinew, and the average thigh is not bigger than a muscular American biceps. There are no calves whatever, and the joints at the knees and the ankles

are extraordinarily large.

Nearly every man you meet, if he be poor, has wrinkles all over his body, and at every railroad station you find gaunt, dark-faced, pitcous, lean men, who slap their bare stomachs to show that they are hollow and ask for backshish. Wages are misera-bly low. Farm laborers get from 6 to 8 cents a day. Even travelers, who have to pay the highest wages, can get good English speaking servants who will travel with them and feed themselves for 33 cents a day and less than that if taken by the month.

Toe Many People to Support. This valley of the Ganges has more people

than it can support, and it is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages, and the average country town consists of one-story mud huts miles, and as a fertilizing bearer she sur too poor and illy-ventilated for American passes any river on the face of the globe. pig pens. You would not think of having Egypt is the gift of the Nile. You could such outhouses as the residences of the lose Egypt in these plains, which are the majority of this vast population would trying to follow the course of the lofty fly. gift of the Ganges. The mighty Nile, with its unknown source, does not carry down as much water as this holy river of the Hinmake, and in a large part of India, and especially in the best part of this Ganges doos, and her maximum discharge at a country, the holdings average from two to distance of 400 miles from the sea, with three acres apiece. At four to the family, many of her tributaries yet to hear from, is one-third greater than that of the Mississippi. Where the Ganges rises bursting from a Himalayan glacier it is 27 feet wide. It falls 3,500 feet in the first ten miles of its course, and it has an average depth of 30 feet 500 miles from its mount. this represents a half acre per person, or over 1,200 persons per square mile. When it is remembered that these people live by agriculture, it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of China or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright. They are brainy, too, and you will find few sharper business men, better cut faces and more polite people than these people of India. Their faces in this part of India have much the same char-Its delta is as wide as the distance from New York to Washington, and hundreds of mouths run from this width back in a sort of a parallelogram for 200 miles more. where they unite. The water of the Bay of noteristics as those of the Anglo-Saxon.

Those of the higher castes are more like those of the Greeks and I see faces every day which, if the skin were white, any American might be proud to own. They Bengal is discolored for miles by the mud brought down by the Ganges and the whole belong to the same race germ that we do and under the same training and Christian in-The water is the color and thickness of fluences they would be strong competitors with us. But what can a man do on 6 cents pea soup and the silt or mud is so rich that these yast plains use no other fertilizer. The

a day, or how can a man learn when he has crops are harvested by pulling the stalks to struggle to exist? The population of India is continually out of the ground. No cows or horses are increasing. England eats the lion's share of the products of the country, and though the people are perhaps better off under her allowed to pasture in the fields and their droppings are mixed with straw and mud danges water on their heads and steadying the burden with one brown, bare arm as they walked up the steps. The costume of the Hindoo is a picturesque one. It is one long strip of cloth wound about the person so that the legs and arms are bare. Sometimes bright colored shawls are added by the wealthier, and a bright turban or cap covers the head.

Mixed with this gaudy, splashing, spnt
Mixed with this gaudy, splashing, spnt
and then dried and used as fuel. In this gaudy splashing, spnt
the people are perhaps better off under her government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of her wealth going to the rulers and the people working their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he tillser, save this Ganges silt, is taken from the soil. Still the land is as rich as guano and produces from two to four crops every year. About Calcutta the alluvial deposit is 400 feet deep and an experiment was late
The people are perhaps better off under her government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of her wealth going to the rulers and the people working their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he fillser, save this Ganges silt, is taken from the rollers and the people working their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he for the rulers and the people working their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he fillser, save this Ganges silt, is taken from the rulers and the people working their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he way, is the rich Marquis of Lansdown, gets artists, correspondents and telegraph in the washing their deld when he quietly went away on his bridal tour to a secluded place where he way, is the rich Marquis of Lansdown, gets artists, correspondents and telegraph in the washing the people are perhaps been in the past, it is the ame old story of her wealth going to and then dried and used as fuel. In this

NYE AND BASEBALL.

William Attends the Opening Game at the New League Grounds,

LOOKING THROUGH A KNOT HOLE. Some Other Thoughts Which Are Now Used

for the First Time.

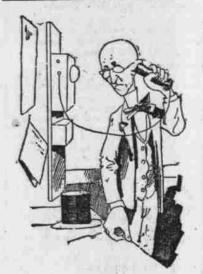
STATEN ISLAND IN THE REVOLUTION

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



a postoffice; it is only a name. It has a fine

I desired one evening to converse with Mr. Chauncey Depew upon a personal matter, so I asked for the New York Central office. I got it



He Labors With the Telephone,

tity of secrets of the order, including grips, pass words and signs of distress, a voice at the other end of the line made the statement "Rats!"

"Rats!"

I then learned that I had laid bare my most precious thoughts to the N. Y. Central Office of the telephone, not to the N. Y. C, & H. R. R. R. S., I contributed to the laughing stock of the telephone company instead of utilizing the rolling stock of the road. Back of St. George landing the ground rises rapidly by means of a series of beautiful terraces, along which may be found the abode of wealth and beauty.

PLEASING FEATURES.

From these terraces the game of ball may window overlooking the harbor. The rent window overlooking the harbor. The rent of houses goes up every summer along the terraces, because spectacular shows and baseball games may be seen freely by means of a glass from those residences. Last year Sig. Blondin gave an exhibition at these grounds on the tightrope or wire. Those who did not care to see him were almost compelled to pull down the blind.

I went down to witness the opening game of ball at St. George this season, but was pained to notice that the magnanimous elm from which I had heretofore witnessed outdoor spectacles, on these grounds, had been filled full of sharp spikes. This course will not only hurt the management, but others who would be glad to foster and encourage, by voice and pen, all manly ath-letic sports of an outdoor nature. I spoke to the doortender about it and said I was a great hand for sport and would like to see the noble American game this summer from time to time on those grounds. He said not on those grounds. Possibly on some other grounds, but not on those

I then pulled a cork out of a knothole in the tence by means of a corkscrew which I had



brought with me, not knowing what might happen, and through the aperture I saw the game, though, of course, imperfectly. When I left the hole, there was a ring worn around its circumference quite distinctly, where I had chafed the board with my nose while HOW HE ENJOYED IT.

Early in the afternoon De Cappa's justly celebrated band played some overtures, in-terspersed with interindes. The disad-vantage of a knothole as a lorgnette is that one has to look through it with his ear while the band plays, or miss the melody. I do not know much about baseball, and for that resson I have been repeated by all of reason, I have been repeatedly called upon to umpire the game. People are apt, in choosing their umpires as in choosing their juries, to confuse ignorance and impartiality.

The game was played between our own
New York club and that of Cleveland, O. First our club would swat the ball and run around the goals for awhite and then the other would do so. This was kept up until Cleveland had five and the New Yorks had,

just what they started with.

Speaking of Cleveland reminds me that I saw him the other day walking up the street with ex-Secretary Fairchild, between 5 and 6 o'clock, going home like a plain American citizen from his work, scorning the horse cars, the elevated road and the cabs. I had heard that Mr. Clevelaud was very rarely recognized on the street here and so I kept my eye on the two men for several blocks. They were absolutely unrecognized to all appearance and the ex-President actu-

NO PLACE FOR POLICEMEN. But we were speaking of Staten Island. Probably Staten Island is, to the majority of the residents, even in New York, a terra of the residents, even in New York, a terra incognita. It is also a terra to the police sometimes for being 13½ miles long by 7½ miles in width. Nine policemen have great difficulty in being on the ground when trouble occurs, especially when the roads are bad. So the Staten Island policeman's life is not one of luxurious ease as one might suppose. My heart has not been so touched for years as last autumn while strolling. for years as last autumn while strolling through the beautiful woods which are en-gaged in clothing the hillsides of the island.

STATEN ISLAND, where the New York League games will be play ed this season, is an oblate spheroid where the Democrats, last fall, were flattened at the polls. St. George, which is 25 minutes from New York, via the Statute of Liberty, is the point where the disemboweled umpire may be found. St. George is not really a town. It is not even a postoffice; it is only a name. It has a fine a postoffice; it is only a name appear anything a postoffice and it is only a name. It has a fine a postoffice and it is only a name and in an unguarded moment he had thrown his club into a chestnut tree to knock down a fine autumnal foliage. The autumnal foliage. Suddenly I the autumnal foliag

a postoffice; it is only a name. It has a intebase ball ground, however, a bank, a bright
and handsome paper called the Staten Islander, and a telephone, by means of which
one can converse with parties in New York,
but it has no inhabitants. one on his way home and have no means of defending himself. It was a sad case. Later on, however, a bad boy, by turning State's evidence and getting a promise from the policeman that he should be free from arrest for five years, went up the tree and returned with the Billy do.

HE BECAME HEALTHY.

Staten Island has 19 postoffices and a fort.

Staten Island has 19 postoffices and a fort. Fort Wadsworth has an excellent site for a fort, but there is so little fighting to be done lately, and there is such close competition that it is not self-supporting. I am told that if influential friends at Washington did not do something for it every year it would have to be abandoned.

South Beach is now getting to be the Coney Island of the approaching season. Excursionists can ride from Harlem to South Beach for 15 cents, which, on the round trip, gives each excursionist 20 cents advantage over Coney Island. This amount, which is carefully invested in beer, will, in one season, yield large returns. Added to all this, South Beach has a water front, a large number of merry-go-rounds and fresh all this, South Beach has a water front, a large number of merry-go-rounds and fresh baked peanuts. Beer can be had by approaching only authenticated parties in the proper way. Many people are benefited every year by sitting at the seashore where they hear the billows burst upon the strand, while they quaff some more beer. I knew a man once who went to the seaside a living skeleton, but by patiently and regularly skeleton, but by patiently and regularly



Silent and Unobtrusive Sympathy. watching the other people bathe every afternoon, his pores were opened, and by drink-ing beer at odd times whenever the idea oc-curred to him, he became so healthy that it was almost impossible to make the lid of his coffin stay on.

his coffin stay on.

But those who ride to the ball game or to South Beach do not see the best part of Staten Island. The hundreds of beautiful walks and drives through the most wonderfully diversified wealth of verdure, the combination of land and sea, the old homes, the broad grounds, the continual change and surprise at a new style of landscape with the sea in the distance, are not understood by those who skim the borders of the island and follow the crowd. The crowd is what Staten Island has fought against for years, and although it does not invade beyond the lines of transit and the beach, the tide of hot humanity from the populous kilns of the city has set in toward South Beach.

A TORY STRONGHOLD. Staten Island in Revolutionary times was extremely Tory in its politics, but is now friendly to the United States with the exception, perhaps, of a slight bitterness still felt toward Constable's Hook. Constable's Hook is like Adams and Jefferson. Though dead, it still speaks. A man who had lived for a long time at Constable's Hook might blow out his gas at night and wake up bright and refreshed in the morning. Asphyxia would be a pleasant relaxation for him.

The time is coming, and at no distant day when Staten Island and Manhattan Island will work together more harmoniously, and as husiness picks up and trade is encouraged, many Staten Island business men will have quiet homes in New York. The feeling of rivalry, though keen and active, is a purely friendly one, and there is no bitter-ness at all. There is no reason why New York and Tompkinsville should not walk together hand is hand in the great march of progress. Each has her sphere of action, each her allotted task, each her field of work. While some classes of merchandise may be bought cheaper in New York, owing to railroad competition between the latter and Chicago, other lines of goods are cheaper at Tompkinsville.

Though I live on Staten Island I have not allowed my prejudices to influence me in any way in what I have said. I have tried to be fair and truthful in what I have said, for I have the kindliest feeling toward New York and always have had, and after a hard and active day in the busy marts of trade at Tompkinsville, nothing rests me or builds me up like an evening's romp or a straw ride on Fifth avenue. BILL NYE.

Before the Launch.



Lanty, the Boatman-Now, Bill, you get her by the head an' I'll git 'round behind ber, an' we'll have her in the water quicker'n

makes | scat. Aunt Hepsy (sketching)- H-e-llll-p1-

## at eventide, looking up into the clear and quiet sky when the full orbed honeymoon scoots across the heavens, suddenly to stumble over a telegraph wire, connected with a great across the heavens, suddenly to stumble over a telegraph wire, connected with a

A ROMANCE OF A MAIDEN

A HISTORY OF A WAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I. A PREFATORY UNDERSTANDING. There are Indians and Indians. A man may fight for some Indians and fight against

conditions of this sort can exist among the most civilized nations it ought not to be counted so very inconsistent if a boy, thrown among savages, should in the course of his duty, or even desire, or perhaps in the course of what might really be called "diplomacy." be found fighting at one time for and with a certain tribe of Indians and at another time against another tribe of Indians. And yet an ungrateful and forgetful world will perhaps continue to insist that for four years the writer of this sketch was a savage among savages, and only there for blood and plunder. How cruelly wrong!

Let it be said in a single paragraph that the hand which pens these lines has been raised in several campaigns for the white men against the Indians; that the writer was three times terribly wounded in these

wars.

Some of these battles were fought in Oregon, some in Idaho, some in California. Some are matters of record; but for the most part they are perishing from the memory of man—as the pioneers who bore part with him are perishing from the earth. However, it is one brief record which bears the great seal of the State of California. It is given here because it is byief, not at all because it here because it is brief; not at all because it shows the writer to the best advantage—a fact for which he cares not the snap of his finger!

inger!

HEADQUARTEES

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
SACRAMENTO, CAL., December 15, 1883.

Joaquin Miller, New York:

DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter addressed to General, now Governor, Stoneman, I have to say that I find, on examination of the records on file in this office, that you served as a volunteer in one of the early Modoc wars, known as the "Pitt River expedition." from March the 16th, 1857, to May the 2d, 1857, for 45 days. It also appears that you furnished your own horse and equipments. It further appears that you are the only one who took part in said expedition that never received any compensation for his services. The fault is probably your own, in not applying for it. But now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, there is no money in the Treasury for the payment of such claims. Your remedy is by special act of the Legislature of the State of California. Respectfully yours.

Adjutant General for the State of California. (Seal of California.)

As if I had asked for a certificate of this record for the money there was in it. Still let some young financier who is apt at arithmetic stop here and calculate how much this one State, to say nothing of Idaho, Oregon, Arizona and the Federal States also might be owing me now in gold coin. For I never, from any one, or from any source whatever, accepted 1 cent for my services. Take this one account of California, which she frankly says, under the great seal, is due me, and see what it would amount to at annual interest for more than 30 years. The pay allowed was \$5 per day for horse and equipments; the same for a man. But compute and compound, after man. But compute and compound, after ascertaining the amount due at the rate of \$10 per day "for 48 days." You will find that a certain great State is owing to a certain humble person not only all the gold on the great glittering dome of her Capitol, but the Capitol itself. Aye, the very State itself. Let her people then, her strong, new people, who are pushing us older ones off the clother that the capital its account of the capital itself. globe, not be too eager to accuse and find fault with the work I have done until that work is in some sort paid for. And now let us look into the campaign "for 48 days." We will have only the plain, true story of an expedition against the early Modocs through the gleaming snows and under the somber pines of majestic Mount Shasta.

And why this expedition? Because in Indians rose up one night and massacred every white person, with the single excep-tion of myself, in all the vast region now comprised in Modoe county.

CHAPTER II. THE EXPEDITION.

I was not at home, that is, not in my own cabin, at the time the Indians rose up and massacred all the people in what is now Modoc county, California, but had taken a party of young Indians and gone a day's journey deeper into the mountainous wilderness on a grand annual elk hunt. Possibly my absence from home had something to do with the sparing of my lite. But I think not. As before said, my insignificance, both as a boy and a holder of property, saved me, perhaps. Yet let it be re-membered, I had friends among the Indians -excellent, true and brave friends. And they are as faithful to their friends as any people on earth. Yea, let me say this now at last over the graves of these dead red men: I owe them much; I owe no white man anything at all. Looking back over the long and dubious road of my eventful life, I can say this and snap my finger at

Our great elk hunt had been wonderfully successful. We had overtaken a band of elk in a dense wood, where they had gone into winter quarters with the snow walled in around them higher than their high-lifted and splendid antlers. We had plunged in cestry had been secure for perhaps a thou-sand preceding winters. We had poured in sand preceding winters. We had poured in upon them with such impetuosity that the antiered ranks of the huge bulls, as they stood on the outer edge of the vast herd, splendid property there is in ashes."

"Well, Judge, what must I do?" the cows and calves, while the bulls took to as best they could. This left us a perfect slaughter yard! The bulls were not desirable; but the cows and calves even at midwinter, with the snow breast deep and with nothing but the bark of willows and birch.

find them over the mountains down into the stantly! A dozen, 40, 50 shots! The two tall and shapely figures melted heck and also some of the regular army, coming up from San Francisco to help destroy these bloody savages."

The real's collection of the same a panic! Pistols in the air instantly! A dozen, 40, 50 shots! The two tall and shapely figures melted heck and away as they had come. And that was all; all except a "stampede" of horses, cattle, mules, men! The cattle first took faintle. winter, with the snow breast deep and with nothing but the bark of willows and birch and vine-maple to feed upon, were fat. My excuse for killing 13 huge cows with my own hand at that time is found in the fact that a friendly tribe of Indians down the mountains near my own home was literally starving. The gold hunters had made the water in the rivers so muddy that the fish, on which these Indians had largely depended for centuries, had either died or forsaken the streams in this region. And in this fact the Indians who massacred the people of

Pitt River Valley, as before narrated, found excuse for their bloody work.

Of course, I was greatly elated at the splendid results of the grand elk hunt which I had organized and led to a finish, and I at once sent back a runner to bear the good news and t being the feetibles tribe. other Indians, and yet not be at all in the wrong. At Waterloo, France and England were not friendly. But in the Crimean War, less than half a century later, they stood shoulder. If conditions of the far off valley, I took two fine and faithful young Indians, and descending almost with the rapidity of shot on our anowshoes to the fiames and green grasses of the far off valley, I found only dead bodies and burned ruins.

Let us hasten on over the peril and the

dead bodies and burned ruins.

Let us hasten on over the peril and the pain of the tedious return through the melting suns to my own camp. Believing myself to be the first white man to learn of the

self to be the first white man to learn of the massacre, I hastened on alone to the nearest white habitation. This was the now famous Soda Springs, the property of perhaps the wealthiest man in the world, Senator Stanford. I was part owner of the springs at this early date. We had a little mountain hotel—my partner and myself—and took stock to winter at our ranch deeper in the mountains. And this was what I was doing at the time of the massacre away over ing at the time of the massacre away over the spurs of Mount Shasta to the east. I chose to take care of the stock, and live with been a hard task. Most of the men had

of broken manhood feebly tottering back toward the little city—and whiaky.

The army had had two days to make the distance which I must cover in one or sleep without my dinner in the snow. But they had made a wide trail, these men with unsteady feet, and it was not hard to follow.

As the stars began to glitter over the steep and stupendous walls of snow which I was now slowly climbing, I caught the cheering light of many campfires under the somber boughs of pine and fir and cedar trees that dotted the mountain slope. My splendid horse soon had his nose in a barley bag along with others, and I broke bread with as motley a set of men as ever grouped with as motley a set of men as ever grouped about any campfire on this earth. Could about any campfire on this earth. Could Shakespeare have but seen that gang! Description at my hand would be impossible! Perhaps 25 of these men had lost brother, father, friend, fortune, in the massacre. These were sober and quiet enough. Perhaps a like number had lost nothing, having had nothing to lose, and were now merely adventurers; on their way out to plunder the dead possibly. Perhaps a like number were of the lowest form of humanity; for the jails had been given a holiday. Janus and the jail! The old Roman deity, the god of battles and the Yreka mining camp in Calithe jail! The old Raman deity, the god of battles and the Yreka mining camp in California. The world is round and history keeps on reading the same old page in tireless repetition! Janus and the open jail! And these men were to be my companions through a campaign of long and savage warfare!

CHAPTER III.

A MAIDEN AND A LETTER.

The braying pack mules, the bellowing cattle, the impatient horses pawing in the hard, deep snow, and over and above all this the yelling of wholly drunken or half sober men, who now for the first time were confronted by the fact that they had to either cook or go hungry—all this along with the many bright, big camp fires flashing over the mountains of snow under the dense and somber pines, made a scene Miltonic, demoniae, majestic. To forecast the entire annihilation of this mob, calling itself the "army of Northern California," had not



only Indians about me, simply because I liked solitude; and the silent dignity of the Indian was always more decent than the garrulous white men. Besides that, the white men seemed constantly to seek some advantage of me. Beyond all that I had been badly wounded in a battle with hostile Indians near Soda Springs only the summer before, and was not strong enough, to say nothing of my extreme youth, to do the work about the springs. And you may be work about the springs. And you may be the springs of the springs work about the springs. And you may be certain that my penurious and selfish "pardners" were glad to give me the place of peril and stay where they could handle

And now, having crowded a whole col-

umn into a few paragraphs, let us hasten forward. Reaching Soda Springs at early dawn, after a moonlight walk, or rather run, of singular grandeur under the solemn pines on the hard crusted snow, I hastily told the terrible news; and then threw myself into the saddle, arms in hand, and set out through the tortuous and tedious mountain trail for Yreka. This city of Yreka was at this time a sort of capital of Northern Californis; a populous and most prosperous min-ing town, with banks, miles of brick houses, hundreds of hotels. A great city was Yreka in the days of old. I had a ride before me of more than 70 miles. The narrow snow-bound steep and stony trail was simply ter-rible. But I was splendidly mounted. My horse had all the gathered strength of a winter's rest in his long and supple legs, and he continually bounded along like a ball. At twilight I struck Yraka. I found the city already on fire with the terrible news. It had reached them through a man who had escaped the massacre; and a hundred men had only that morning, after a single night of preparation, set out for the scene of death and desolation.

A wild strange crowd was that which had

journeyed forth from the now drunken and half-crazed town. I entered the place at a gallop, plunging through a herd of bellowing cattle which some howling and wholly drunk men were trying to drive out after the little army that had set face for the almost impassable mountains of snow that lay between it and the valley of flames and death. I fell from my horse into the arms of Mr. Irwin, the editor of the paper. This Irwin was afterward governor of Cali-fornia, a good, wise man. He took me at once to the judge of that district, Judge Roseborough. Hastily I told him all I knew. This same Judge is now a neighbor of mine here in Oaktand, California.

"You must stay in here," said the Judge I was too worn, too nearly dead, to quite understand.

"They will kill you in the street! They "They will kill you in the street! They thought the Iudians had killed you and burned your piace also. But it seems that they have not even taken any of your cattle. This may be all right but the city is mad and it is drunk also. You stay here to-night."

I slept on the floor of that little brick law office, my feet against the door and a pistol in my hand. Ah, a queer reward was I sandwich of dough and burnt bacon in the having for my peril! What a world this is! other, two tall and comely Indian warriors The next morning the Judge and the stood over like silhonettes against the rising no white man for favor or triendship or lesson of love or forbearance of any sort. Yet to the savage red men that gathered about the base of Mount Shasta to battle and to die I owe much, much—all that I am or can ever hope to be.

early. We breakfasted in the cold, bright morning on the office table from ham and eggs and other good things which the Judge base of Mount Shasta to battle and to out of the window I saw that my horse was already saddled, and was being led up and of the crest of the snowy mountain before us. Instantly I knew them for my two young friends who had gone down into the valley of death with me when we had first heard of the massacre. Take a map and out of the window I saw that my horse was already saddled, and was being led up and future Governor of California aroused me early. We breakfasted in the cold, bright

upon them here, where they and their an- in the summer time. He will not know the road with ten fect of snow. Besides, his be, was of the greatest importance. Did the father is among the murdered and he is half compact with the Modoes still hold good? father is among the murgered and the same, insane over it. Sam Lockhart is the same, for he has lost his brother, and all his friendly; or had they quarreled over the plunder, after the fashion of white nations?

"Mount that horse instantly and follow,

the snow from the weight and warmth of from two to ten half drunken forms of humanity, and stared hopelessly about. The great roaring fires of the night before had sunken deep down in the melting snow. Only here and there the embers of some huge pine log still held fire away down in the smoke-blackened pit that yawned at the feet of the California volunteers in their blankets. From under the low boughs of a dwarf yew tree where I, along with my horse, had spent the night apart from the tumuituous crowd, I could see little groups of men gathering on the side next toward the little city, away below the snow and a day's journey behind us. These little groups would accumulate like rolling balls of snow, and then break off and silently, but speedily, turn their backs on the half-awakened camp

of California.

They had had enough of the first great campaign against the murderous Modocs. There remained at informal roll-call only two classes, the best and the worst. worst cared not, or dared not, to return to prison fare, and the best of the men who had gotten up the sudden expedition felt that the eyes of the State were on them; besides, that they had the massacre to avenge, to recover lost estates; to reclaim once more to



civilization a region as large as all New England. These men could not desert now. But what a dismal, smoky, doughy, dread-ful breaklast! The "jall-birds" were bribed, bullled, beaten into doing the cooking. And there were two big fist fights before it was

half over! As we sat or rather stood at breakfast, a tineup of coffee in the right hand and a sun on the crest of the snowy mountain be-fore us. Instantly I knew them for my two down in the sharp, frosty air.

"Everybody is killed," said the Judge as we finished breakfast, "except yourself. There is not even a guide left to head that little army that left here vesterday through the snow over the mountain. Ike Rodgers, and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how things now and were coming to tell me how the same three days I had made almost the cuit of the grandest and sublimest snow much the cuit of the grandest snow much the cuit of the grandest snow much the cuit of the grandest snow much the my own camp, and you will see that in three days I had made almost the entire cir-cuit of the grandest and sublimest snow peak in all the world. I was now not 40 stood. Their information, whatever it might compact with the Modoes still hold good? All this was important to know.

But such a panie! Pistols in the air in-